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though having no funnels for the smoke to escape through, there is every reason to suppose served for fire places.

That the abbey was fitted up as a place of defence is very likely, as most of the windows are built up nearly to the top; but at what time this was done is now unknown. Cromwell certainly visited Loragh, for tradition records him to have committed many sacrilegious acts in the English church-yards; as a proof of which, the remains of broken crosses are still to be seen; tradition also tells us that the abbey bell was, at the same time, transferred to a neighbouring gentleman's house for security, where its silver tongue was exchanged for one of a baser metal. That the abbey was taken possession of and burned, is likewise very probable, as the east end, before it became overgrown with ivy, showed several marks of fire. It certainly must have been unroofed before Cromwell's time, for had it been laid waste by him, tradition would not have so soon forgotten the date of its overthrow.

At the north side, and within a few paces of the abbey, is a ruinous old building, so much overgrown with ivy, that there is scarcely any part of the walls perceptible.

From its similarity to most other military buildings, I am led to think that it is the ruins of a castle, notwithstanding the general opinion is, that it was an appendage to the abbey. There are also the ruins of two other buildings at a short distance, (an account of which, perhaps, shall appear in a succeeding number) but of religious foundation; part of one of which being repaired, now serves for the parish church. A little to the west of the abbey is an elegant Roman Catholic chapel of late erection.

With respect to the time in which the abbey was erected, I can find no historical remains relative to it. I feel that to the style of architecture which it displays, we must be indebted for our information, a doubtful way of deciding, for although Comerford, in his History of Ireland, tells us that the abbey of Loragh was founded in the sixth century by St. Ruan, still as the present building is not the one which that individual caused to be erected, this supposition will not serve in the enquiry. From the semi-circular and pointed styles of architecture being equally used in the erection of the abbey, I should have no hesitation in placing its foundation about the commencement of the 13th century.

When, or in what country the pointed arch had its origin is now impossible to determine. Some presuming Englishmen, have, no doubt, been vain enough to claim its origin for their own country, being ignorant, perhaps, that Ireland could afford much older specimens (even of the complete Gothic style) than can be found in England. I consider it altogether impossible to discover the exact age of our numerous ruined buildings simply by their architectural style, notwithstanding I am aware such a course is pursued, and, perhaps, in many cases correctly. I think that Ledwich assumes too much, when he places the foundation of the present monastery of Monaincha in the thirteenth century, upon the mere grounds of its architectural style. It is evident, from the plump decision which that learned antiquary gave concerning the age of Monaincha, that had he occasion to write the antiquities of Boyle, (a monastery that was built in the year 1152) and having nothing to guide him but its architectural style, (it being in the Gothic fashion) he would have made no hesitation in placing its erection in the latter end of the 13th, or perhaps the commencement of the 14th century.

Partly owing to its similarity to other buildings whose date of foundation are well known, and partly to its ancient appearance, I am induced to settle the erection of the abbey of Loragh in, or not long after, the commencement of the 12th century, but as I before observed, I consider there can be no certainty concerning this particular point.

T. A.

#### ADAM'S SLEEP.

He laid him down and slept—and from his side

A woman in her magic beauty rose,

Dazzled and charm'd he called that woman 'bride,'

And his first sleep became his last repose.—Besser.

#### MORIARTY M'CARTHY AND THE FAIRIES.

A SKETCH FROM IRISH LIFE.

The sun had already gone down, and the beautiful evening of a sultry day in July was wearing fast away, as the wife of Moriarty M'Carthy and her three children were seated on the garden stile that commanded a view of the narrow, winding road, leading from Macroom, by the ancient castle of Carrigafouka,\* so wildly and beautifully situated high above the romantic and foaming river Sullane. Nelly cast many a longing look up the hill, anxious to catch a glimpse of Moriarty plodding his way, as usual, to his own home. Moriarty had gone that morning to the fair of Macroom† to sell two heifers, in order to make up the half year's rent for the landlord.—Darkness was closing slowly and imperceptibly around; she could now scarcely distinguish the faintly marked line of road on the brow of the distant hill—still she watched with eager looks and a throbbing heart. He had never stopped out such a length of time, and many a fearful thought rose in her faithful bosom as she turned into her solitary cottage and trimmed the dying fire. She hushed her infants to sleep, and hour after hour passed away and still she was alone, and a single sound never came to lighten her heart in the solitude and darkness of her cabin.

Morning came, and at the first dawn she was on the watch to catch a glimpse of Moriarty's return. The sun came up—the sky and the earth looked glad in his beams, but the heart of Nelly was in trouble. She would have gone to make enquiries but she could not leave the house, and the children alone; and in the most tormenting uncertainty she was obliged to wait for some tidings of her husband. One time she imagined he was robbed and murdered by villains for the miserable price of his two heifers. Again she pictured to herself his body being found in the rocky bed of the foaming Sullane; and the tears would rise to her eyes, and she was several times on the verge of raising the Irish cry within her cottage, so strong a hold had conjecture and imagination taken on her mind.

The children were awake, and began, unconscious of their mother's grief, to clamour for their breakfast. She set about preparing, and as it was just set before them, in walked Moriarty himself. Nelly ran and clapped her arms about his neck in the wildness of her joy, and the tears, which before she endeavoured to restrain, rushed down her cheeks. She lavished every tender and endearing expression which her copious vocabulary could supply upon him, in the overflowing fulness of her heart; but Moriarty received her caresses and welcome with a sad and changed countenance. She looked up in his face—it was pale and haggard; his dark eye was hollow, and had a frightened look; and his cheek had lost its healthful colour; while his black hair was nearly erect on his brow.

"Arrah, then, what ails my own *cushla gra*‡ or where did you spend the night away from your own little creatures, or what's the matter with you then, at all, at all?—there's little Murty didn't sleep a wink all night, but axing for his daddy."

\* *Carrigafouka*, or the rock of the demon or spirit, an old romantic castle, built upon a wild rock overhanging the river Sullane, about two miles from Macroom. The entrance is narrow and dangerous, being a pathway on a craggy rock over the foaming river. The whole situation is highly and singularly wild and beautiful, and it is said to have been built by the Mac Carthy's of Dreshane, at a very early age. Not far from this, in a lone field, are the remains of a Druid's altar.

† *Macroom*, or the twisted or crooked oak, a small but very ancient town in the barony of Muskerry, county of Cork, situated in the midst of hills. Its castle was erected by the Daltons, as it is said, in the reign of King John: it was, however, in the possession of Teague M'Carthy in the year 1562. Teague was the father of Cormac Mac Teague Mac Carthy, so celebrated by Camden.

The castle was burned down in the rebellion of 1641, but repaired by the earl of Clancarthy. It is now a sad mixture of the ancient and the modern. Macroom is the birth place of Admiral Sir William Penn, and there is a chalybeate spring very near it.

‡ *Cushla gra*—My darling love.

Moriarty did not answer, but sunk upon a stool near the fire, and cast an anxious look around, as if to see was all right at home, and a gleam of joy passed over his features as he saw his three little children sitting contentedly round their *stirabout*. Nelly was thunderstruck. He had never before shrunk ungraciously from her kind word, and she felt something uncommon must have occurred thus to change his nature, for Moriarty was affectionate, and eager to please. She resolved to try again.

"Oh! Moriarty, jewel, won't you speak to your own Nelly!—do, darlin'; sure I've been sittin' up all night, an' watchin' you all the mornin', an' is id afther this way you thrate me, when I'm so glad to see you, an' when I know there's somethin' upon your mind, an' somethin' upon your heart."

McCarthy replied by a long groan of anguish, that sprung from a heart bursting with grief—at length he found words. "I'm a misfortenated man, and the badness is upon me—I lost the price of the heifers."

"Thank God you are safe!" said Nelly, "an' sure iv that's all it's not worth frettin' about."

"But what'll we do for the rint, Nelly?" said Moriarty with a groan.

"Have'n't we the pigs, an' the *coul*; an' have'n't I the flock of turkeys; an' there's the oats that's not cut yet, an' sure there's no fear of us?" said Nelly; "but Moriarty, darlin', there's somethin' besides that you don't let on about, that troubles you."

"Oh! Nelly, iv you knew the terrible night I passed," replied McCarthy with a convulsive shudder.

"Ah! where did you sleep?" asked Nelly.

"No where at all then," said McCarthy.

"Well, then, tell us what kem across you, or how did you lose the money, or what kept you out, or where wor you, good or bad?" again asked Nelly.

"I was with the fairies, why," said Moriarty, with a violent effort, and looking round him with dread.

"The Lord pursarve us then," said Nelly, "an' bless the nayburs, let alone all we wish well," and she stared in evident astonishment, "but tell us what they dun to ye; how did you get out ov their hands?"

"Why you must first know that I didn't taste a singe <sup>sup</sup> tall I sowld the heifers; for sez I to myself, 'Moriarty McCarthy, my boy, don't be a fool to yourself; iv you take one glass you may be tempted to take two, an' then somebody may get a bargain ov the heifers; so I bowld right furnint me into the middle ov the fair, an' there I met Flan O'Flaherty wid his ould cow. 'Morrow, Flan,' says I. 'Morrow kindly then, Moriarty,' sez he. 'Is there any sort ov a price for the cattle to day?' then sez I. 'Heifers are goin' well,' sez he; 'but there's no call for milch cows at all—would you want a good baste?' I looked over at the ould carron, 'an' faix then,' sez I, 'that's a purty baste, Flan—what makes you part wid her yourself?' sez I. 'Why, then, I dunna,' sez he. 'Have you any fault to her?' sez I, 'or is she a springer or a strripper?' 'The rale sort ov a right good strripper,' sez he, 'but the only fault I had to her was, that she was givin' too much milk for my small family.' 'Too much milk, *aroon*,' sez I, 'faix, then' but that's a small fault in arnest.' 'It's the thruth I tell you,' sez he, 'for you know the poor woman is in a weak condition; an' the doother sez its too much milk I give her, an' that iv I don't part *drimindhu* I'll have her death on me; but she'll just answer you that has the growin' family comin' on you, an' I'll give her to you chape, because your a frind.' 'I'm obleeged to you, Flan,' sez I, 'but its a *springer* I want, for I've an elegant *strripper* at home.' So I left the heifers stan'in' along wid Flan's ould hurdle of bones, an' went through the fair to see how the prices were movin', and agin I come back there were two jobbers lookin' at the heifers, an' Flan was wantin' them to buy the three.

"Why sure that's not a heifer," sez one, pointin' to the ould cow. 'The youngest of the three,' sez Flan, 'on'y she's the long-horned breed.' 'Why, man,' sez the other, 'there's as many marks in her horn as there's days in the year.' 'Mischief pick the eyes out of you, but you're knowledgable,' says Flan, atween his teeth. At any rate I strucked up a bargain for the heifers on the spot, with the jobbers, an' got nine guineas down in my fist, an' as I was

leavin' the *green* who should I meet but your cousin Biddy an' her husband. 'Arrah, then, is this you, Biddy, an' how is every *tether's* lenth,' sez I; 'an' how are you Maurice,' sez I to her husband, an' I kissed Biddy. 'Musha, then, I'm only middlin',' sez Biddy, kissin' myself back again, 'an' how is Nelly an' the childher,' says she. 'Faith, purty, I thank you,' sez I, 'an' how is everything with you.' 'Och! then, *acuishla*, its the black sorrow that's heavy a top ov us; sure I lost my little *ceán bawn dheelish*\* last week, *achorra macree*, an' never seen a sight ov him, body or bones, ever since. Oh! then, if I had the satisfaction of cryin' my fill over his corpse, an' berryin' him dacent, like a christhen, it id be somethin'; but to lose him that way—och ochone, *machree gra gal avourneen a monum*!† why did I let you go?" an' the crather began to cry for the bare life, an' faix I was near cryin' along with her for the big tears were rowlin' like pebbles from *Murrah*' eyes. Was he kilt, or murdered, or burnt alive, or scalded to death?" sez I. 'No, no,' sez she, 'but worse than all that,' sez she; 'but come and take a dhrop with us, an' I'll tell you all about it. In we wint to Connor Sweeny's tint, an' had a weeny sup together, an' there she ups and tells me all about it.

"You know," sez she, 'that I lost a little girl before that died ov a sudden, 'thout being sick or sore; well I thought it very quare, an' begorres, so it was; an' I called in ould *Shuann* Donoghoe, an' tould her about it; an' she thought it mighty quare too, an' shuck her head at it; 'an' God bless you,' sez she, 'at any rate take good care ov the next.' 'Well, sure, I was afther wainin' my own purty little darlin' with the laughing blue eyes; an' the way he'd be aisy at night, I used to give him to the *garaghaula* to feed the little crather, an' sometimes I'd have to call her up, an' sometimes she'd waken an' come herself, and take him to feed him; an' he was thrivin' like a *flagger* by the side of the sthream, an' my heart an' sowl lay in him, for the very beggars goin' the road id stop to look at him. Well, one day Maurice was out at the bog, an' a very purty dacent woman wid a red mantle, walked in an' sat down, quite tired an' weary, an' axed for a dhrink. I had the child in my arms, an' I gave her the dhrink. 'Arrah, sez she, dhruvin' her two eyes into my fair haired *lanna*, 'that's a very fine child you have, honest woman.' Well, you see, she never said God bless my crather, an' I never thought to say it at the time, though it's afther I thought of it; an' away she wint.

"We wint to bed that night as well as ever, an' my sweet crather was laughin' an' crowin' in my arms; an' I thought there wasn't the likes of him in the world that night. Well, in the middle ov the night some person came an' wakened me out of my sleep, 'Thurum a pausitha,'‡ sez a voice to myself, an' I thought it was the *garaghaula's* though I thought it mighty like the woman's. 'Shogh,' sez I, an' I handed out the child to be fed, an' it was whipt away out of my hands. When I thought she was keepin' the child too long I called her. 'Judy, Judy,' sez I. 'Eh!' says Judy. 'Give me the *Lannah*,§ sez I. 'Arrah, *Guddhene a Lannah*,|| sez she, leapin' out ov her bed! My child was gone! taken out ov my arms in the dark night, and carried away from its mother in its health and strinth. *Och uirra sithru*! what 'ill become of me; an' the poor forlorn crather began to cry as if she'd lose her senses.—Well, we had two or three half-pints between us, just to dhrown grief, an' for old acquaintance sake; an' I was comin' home, when just as I was leavin' the town, who should I meet but your gossip, Bryan Barry. 'Are you goin' home,' sez he. 'Faix I am, straight,' sez I. 'So am I,' sez he. 'But I won't go home with the curse or the fair on my back then,' sez he. 'Come in here an' we'll have a glass afore we go.' 'Sorra may care,' sez I, 'since

\* *Ceán bawn dheelish*—My fair headed darling.

† *Ochone machree, gra gal avourneen a monum*—Oh! oh! my heart, the fair darling love of my soul. We have no words in the English to express the number and variety of endearing epithets with which the Irish language abounds.

‡ *Thurum a pausitha*—Give me the child.

§ *Lannah*—Love.

|| *Guddhene a lanna*?—What love?—a question asked in astonishment.

I met with a friend.' So in I wint agin, an' faix one naggin brought on another till the night dhropt down on us; an' up we got to start for home. I thought myself dead sober till I walked awhile, and then faix I found I was dead dhruank; but we struggled on till we kem to the ould castle of *Carrigapouka*, and there, faix, the dhrop overkem me I believe 'twas the fairies did it on purpose.'

"The fairies, Moriarty, jewel!" interrupted the hitherto silent Nelly. "why, then, you did not see the fairies sure?"

"The Lord betune us and harm, its myself that did then," rejoined Mc'Carthy, "an' its I that had the misforthin, and the sorrow, for they robbed me of my good nine guineas, the thieves."

"*Bedh a hush a vourneen*," you don't know who's lessnin' to you—but tell me the whole histry of your adventures."

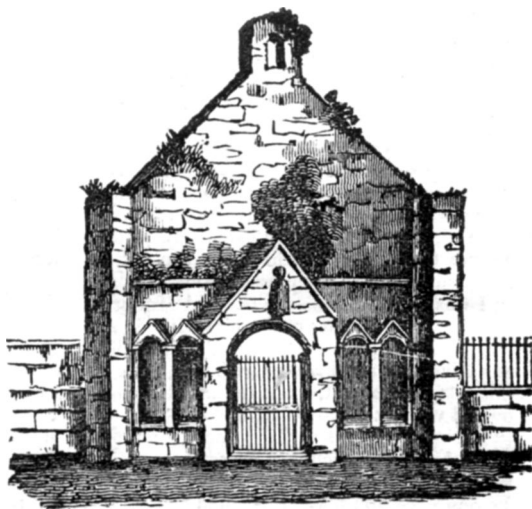
"Well, then, Nelly, as we kem along the road over the river, I thought the *Boreheen* was twis'in' an' turnin' every side ov me like an eel on a reapin'-hook; an' then the roar of the wathers below, an' the silence above, and the ould castle I thought walkin' about to see what was the matther with it; an' the narrow path I was valkin' on, and the ugly black, wet, dhrippin rocks hangin' over the white foam'n' wather, fairly bothered me out and out; an' I was hardly past the castle when I missed Bryan, that was at my elbow before. 'It's no harm,' sez I to myself, 'sure I have not far to go, an' I know the road, at any rate, for its many's the day and night I thravelled it.' So on I went, thinkin' on nothin' in the wide world but yourself, an' the childher, till I heard a rale hurroo all at wanst, in the fields to my right, an' sure enough when I turned about there was a parcel of boys kickin' foot ball like mad; an' havin' the sup in my head, out I leapt across the ditch to have a rise at the ball as well as another; but, faix, I was hardly on the sod, an' only got one kick at it, when a little weeny chap, that I could put in my pocket, gives me a hoise an' thrip that shook the heart 'ithin me; an' I was hardly on my limbs when another little chap gives me another souse, an' as soon as I was up again, I got another. 'Och, boys, sez I, 'fair play for a Connaughtman.' 'Hurroo,' sez another little codger, 'fair play for a Connaughtman, Moriarty Mc'Carthy; an' then all took up the word, an' 'fair play for a Connaughtman,' was passed from one to another, an' every one of them in their turn took a rise out ov myself, till I thought they'd kill me; at last, 'begorra,' sez I, 'iv I don't stand up yez can't knock me down, an' I lay quiet an' easy on the grass.—'Get up, Moriarty Mc'Carthy,' sez one, 'get up, Moriarty Mc'Carthy,' sez another, 'och,' sez I again, 'fair play for a Connaughtman, boys jewel—honor bright iv I was the ruck itself,' with that one chap that seemed to be very decent, comes up, 'clear the way, boys,' sez he, 'Moriarty Mc'Carthy is right; fair play for a Connaughtman; honor bright; let's carry the poor fellow home, sez he, 'an give him somethin' to eat,' an' they all agreed. 'Bar play,' sez I agin to my own self, in a pig's whisper, 'yez 'ill wait awhile, gentlemen, before I taste bit or sup with yez. You may bring a horse to the wather, but, faix, yez can't make him dhruink.' Then they took me up an' carried me to the ould castle of *Carrigapouka* an' brought me into the grandest place in the world; where there was nothin' but ladies an' gentlemen, an' they all welcomed myself, an' wanted me to eat the finest things ever you saw.—'Yez must excuse me,' sez I, quite polite, 'for I darent touch the victuals good or bad.' 'Well,' says one grand looking fellow, 'you can't refuse to dhruink my health, anyhow. Here's to yourself an' the childher, not forgettin' the honest woman at home, Moriarty,' an' he tossed off the glass as well as ever Locky Macnamara the piper did, an' then he filled one for myself. 'Come, dhruink to us like a gay fellow as you are, Moriarty Mc'Carthy,' sez he; an' mys. If was goin to toss the glass, when a chap passin' behind me, who, I'd swear this minit, was no other than Father O'Leary, that we thought was dead these ten years, whispers to me, 'don't touch the lick for your life, sez he; an' I was so frickened, that the glass dhropt down on the flure, an' was smashed to pieces. 'Good gracious purtect me!' sez I, 'an' I beg ten thousand par

done; but, that I may never touch the stirabout, but that minit I got a dounce on the lug that knocked me senseless; an' when I kem to myself I found I was lyin' at the foot ov the big rock, a little this side of *Carrigapouka*."

Nelly's wonder was surpassing, and her joy at the escape of Moriarty from the good people surpassed her wonder, but her surprise and astonishment were at their height when in walked Bryan Barry. The usual greeting passed, when Bryan explained the whole affair. With difficulty he had contrived to bring Moriarty beyond the dangerous part of the road at the 'ould castle,' and he being in such a state of intoxication, as to be unable to proceed, and Bryan not being able to carry him, he was obliged to leave him at the foot of the rock in the shelter, and proceeded home: "but here," added Bryan, "is your money, safe and sound, that I took out of your pocket for fear somebody else, that wouldnt have the honesty to return it, might do it for me."

"An' was it all a dhrame, then?" asked Moriarty, gazing alternately on Nelly and Bryan in astonishment.

J. L. L.



RUIN OF ST. CRONAN'S ABBEY.

#### ROSCREA.

On my way from Birr I arrived at the summit of a hill, between Drumakeenan and Roscrea, which overlooks the latter place. The view from thence struck me with awful recollections of by-gone times. The aged round tower and saxon gable end of St. Cronan's abbey on the left, and the venerable steeple of the Franciscan monastery on the right, presented on both extremities of the view object claiming the attention of the antiquary and traveller while the middle space was diversified by the ruins of a round castle of King John's time, and those of a less ancient one of the days of Henry the Eighth. In the distance, reviving the long dormant spirit of Irish chivalry, appeared Carrickhill, anglice, the Hill of the Rock, from which is taken the title of the Earl of Carrick. The modern church and steeple, and Roman Catholic chapel exhibited a neat but humble contrast to—as they were placed by the sides of—their respective venerable neighbours, the ecclesiastical ruins first mentioned.

Descending from the eminence which afforded me the view just described, I own I was both disappointed and disgusted on entering the town through a long and dirty lane, skirted on both sides with wretched and unseemly cabins, and having on the left hand a deep fosse well calculated to overturn the hapless traveller that might enter the town by night. From this lane I proceeded through a wide street leading towards the market-house. The appearance of this street convinced me that individual industry and uncombined exertion, without the aid of general design, or the fostering hand of a landlord had produced what I beheld. Although many of the houses were good, there was neither regularity nor order. Some of

\* *Bedh a hush avourneen*—Hold your tongue my darling,